

The Enterprise.

VOL. 6.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

NO. 41.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:56 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:12 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect

February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.
Cars leave 6:49 A. M.; 7:18, 7:27, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.;
and every 15 minutes thereafter until
3:31 P. M., 8:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:38, 11:23.
All cars run direct to New Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and
every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:00 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to
conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m.—Sun-
days 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open
7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAIL ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	7:35	4:20
" South	5:05	
North	8:50	12:30
"	4:35	
South	7:00	

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
O. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jan. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

DIAMONDS FIELDS DISCOVERED

An Official Statement That the Gems Are Found Throughout the United States.

Chicago.—Diamonds are found in the United States in three distinct districts, according to a report now being prepared by the Geological Survey which will treat of precious stones in this country. The diamond fields are located: (1) Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, in the vicinity of Green Bay lobe of the Continental glacier; (2) in Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina and Kentucky; (3) in California, adjacent to the water sheds of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, where they were first found in the United States. There are reports that diamonds have been found recently in six localities in Georgia, but there is some doubt as to their authenticity. A diamond of four and one half carats was discovered recently in Shelby county, Ala., thirty miles south of Birmingham. Two diamonds were found recently in Tennessee, near Knoxville.

Great Gold Discovery on the Rand.

New York.—A cable from Johannesburg says: The Turf Club bore hole has struck the main gold reef at a depth of 4800 feet. This is the most important mining event in years, and goes far to prove the reliability of the new South Africa estimates as to the value of the Rand reefs. It establishes a permanent gold industry for seventy years, and practically proves that there are additional deep levels equivalent to a whole line of outcrop mines.

The most successful farmers and dairymen are unanimous in their approval of the silo. It very rarely pays to overestimate a dairy cow in order to secure phenomenal results. There is less uniformity in dairy cows as to quality and quantity of product than with any other stock.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

WATER FOR KLONDIKE CLAIMS.

Rights Granted by the Crown to a London Distributing Company.

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

The President has made the following appointments in the Navy: William White, Lieutenant Commander; Alfred A. Pratt, Lieutenant.

Michael Davit, the Irish Nationalist, who resigned his seat in the British Parliament some time ago as protest against the Boer war, has arrived at New York from Southampton.

Miron A. Decker, a well-known piano manufacturer, is dead, aged 83 years. Mr. Decker was born in the Catskills and began the manufacture of pianos in New York about forty years ago.

The Navy Department is about to establish a primary school for children on the Samoan island of Tutuila. The navy commander, Captain Tilley, has made an urgent recommendation to this effect.

The court-martial which recently tried Major Charles A. Boyen, fleet marine officer of the North Atlantic squadron at Newport, on the charge of intoxication and being absent without leave, found him guilty and sentenced him to lose two numbers and be reprimanded by the Navy.

The National Miners' Federation has sent a circular to all its members, proposing a general strike in France for November 1st unless the Government and mining companies have previously given the miners satisfaction in regard to the proposals for eight hours' work per day and a pension of 2 francs per day after twenty-five years' work.

In the course of an interview with Krueger, the ex-President of the Transvaal said: "We have already proposed peace directly to Great Britain and we will not renew the proposition. All we are willing to give for peace is money, if Great Britain asks it. No price is too dear to obtain independence and the right to live as a free nation."

According to the Cologne Gazette, negotiations have been concluded by which the members of the unwrought-iron syndicate agreed to an extension of the terms now in force until the end of 1902. The Hoessch Iron and Steel Works and the Deutsche, Kaiser and Rhenish steel companies, which had hitherto stood out against an agreement joined the syndicate.

In response to an inquiry from the Italian Government, the State Department has announced that it will receive with pleasure as Ambassador from Italy to the United States Minister des Planches, at present Italian Minister to Servia, and a diplomat of long experience. Senor Malaspini, the Italian Minister to Buenos Ayres, who was originally selected to succeed Baron Fava at Washington, will go there.

The Secretary of the Treasury and the Treasurer of the United States has filed with the clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia their answers to the petition for an accounting in connection with the well-known Durkee claim against the Government—\$79,000,000 and interest. These officials assert in their replies that the claim is "wholly imaginary, false, fictitious and fraudulent and without foundation in law or in fact." They assert that the records of the Treasury Department fail to disclose any basis for the claim.

A complication has arisen in connection with the recent acquisition by the Navy Department of the big floating drydock in Havana harbor. Contractors who dredged out the harbor where the dock lies to a depth sufficient to make it operative have come forward with a claim for \$75,000, which they hold should be paid before the Government is allowed to remove the dock. The Navy Department holds that if there is an equity in this claim the contractors must have recourse to the Spanish Government, for the dock was in its possession when the dredging was done. The Attorney-General will have to pass upon the case.

St. Louis Building Trades Union.

St. Louis.—An attempt is made in this city to form a building material trades council, to include all workingmen engaged in the manufacture of structural materials. If the project is carried out successfully, only union-made material can be used in the erection of World's Fair buildings, it is stated.

Transport Samoa Renamed the Dix.

Washington.—The Acting Secretary of War has named the big transport Samoa the Dix, in honor of General John A. Dix, who issued the famous order: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot." The Samoa is now in use on the line between San Francisco and Manila.

NOT A MODEL CAMP.

Camp Gage Criticised by Colonel Wilhelm.

STATE TROOPS HANDLED BADLY.

To the Regular Army Officer the Infringements of Military Propriety Are Much to be Censured.

Tacoma, Wash.—A London Company has secured the crown grant of an immense water right in the Klondike, whereby it may take water from the Klondike river and supply the thousands of hillside and bench claims in the district with water. The feasibility of taking a large volume of water from the Klondike through flumes and ditches to different creeks in the district has long been admitted by engineers, but it has heretofore been impossible to secure the necessary grant.

The present grantees seem to stand well with the Ottawa Government and secured the plumb through their influence. The company is composed of Malcolm H. Orr Ewing, A. N. C. Treagold of London, and Walter Barwick of Toronto. They are backed by ample capital to carry out the project. In the rights granted the company it is stipulated that as far as possible they must bring to all the claims in the country sufficient water to work them to the fullest extent. It is required that they shall spend no less than \$250,000 before December 31, 1902.

Certain clauses of the grant protects the individual miner, and the charge which the company makes is limited to \$1 per miner's inch per hour. Work has already been commenced at a high point on the Klondike to prepare for the main aqueduct. In its far-reaching consequences and the permanency of its income this is considered the most valuable concession yet granted in the Klondike.

WILL DEVELOP RUSSIAN MINES.

Arrangements Completed in New York to Open Up a Large Tract.

New York.—The Tribune says that arrangements were completed at the Waldorf-Astoria last week for the development on a large scale by Americans and French capital and engineers of 1110 square miles of gold, silver, copper and platinum bearing mineral lands in the South Ural mountains, Russia. The tract is on a railroad leading from St. Petersburg to Irkutsk, near the latter place, and has been reserved as crown mineral lands by the Czar's Government.

Among those appearing in the transaction at the Waldorf-Astoria were Professor George Treadwell, metallurgist, and friends of Paul Annasoff, one of the builders and at present an associate manager of the Transsiberian Railway. The Czar himself has taken a keen interest in the negotiations, as the development of this imperial mineral tract is expected to have an important bearing on mining enterprises throughout the Russian empire. Treadwell has spent the greater part of his life on the Pacific Coast. He at one time owned an interest in Senator Clark's United Verde copper mine in Arizona. Latterly he has worked copper and silver mines in Arizona and Mexico.

PROTEST AGAINST HOUSE TAX.

Boxers Post Placards in Canton Calling for War on the Foreigners.

Canton.—Violent anti-foreign placards, emanating from the Boxers, have been posted in the vicinity of the Christian chapels. The placards protest against the imposition of the house tax, saying that it is only exacted in order to meet the indemnity to be paid the powers, and proceeds: "If peace can be obtained, why not make war on foreigners? China is not yet defeated. It is only the Government authorities, who are blinded by disloyal Ministers. If we refuse to fight then it is case of being greedy to live yet fearing death. How can we otherwise employ our regiments?

During 1901 much money will be collected through lotteries, gambling and general taxes. But they were never satisfied. Therefore, should the house tax be collected we will demolish the chapels and drive out the Christians. If the Emperor is unable to pay, we Boxers have an excellent plan to gain a victory over the foreigners. Unless this policy is adopted a great rebellion is certain."

VICTORY FOR CREDITORS.

Castellane Are Ordered to Pay One and Three-Quarter Million Dollars.

New York.—Judge LaCombe in the United States Circuit Court handed down a decision directing George J. Gould and Heien M. Gould, as receivers of the surplus income of Anna Gould (Countess Castellane) to pay the installments of principal and interest past due upon three mortgages on the Castellane's palatial residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, and the Chateau Marais, formerly one of the most cherished possessions of the Duchesse de Noailles. These payments amount to \$50,867.

The Court also directed the payment of certain installments upon two judgments by Sussman, Rheims & Co. and by Charles Manheim; also to pay a dividend of 10 per cent to 104 creditors, who have intervened. The payments ordered aggregate \$230,000 and leave in the hands of the receivers about \$100,000.

Judge LaCombe also allowed the claims of Eugene Fitchoff and 105 other creditors of the Countess, amounting to \$1,450,500.

WILL ASK DIVORCE IN JAPAN.

Lady Hope Will Marry the Man With Whom She Elected.

New York.—Lady Francis Hope will try to obtain a divorce in Japanese courts and will marry the man for whose sake she has brought upon herself fresh notoriety, according to Emanuel M. Friend, her counsel. He also said that there was absolutely no truth in the report that Lord Francis had obtained a legal separation from his wife, or that she has received one penny from the Duke of Newcastle, or from any member of Lord Hope's family.

"On the contrary," said Friend, "Lord Hope is indebted to May Yoh for a large sum, representing moneys which she advanced him, from time to time, for his personal use. Of this Lord Hope has given evidence in writing and is pledged to pay the debt in 1905. The amount is sufficient to make Lady Hope independent. The separation of the couple took place in my office, when they agreed to live apart for all time, although this agreement was not in writing. The money with which Lady Francis traveled across the country was not hers, but Captain Strong's. I know that he made a great deal of money in fortunate speculation in Wall street. The Hope jewels are the property of May Yoh for all time, and are not being sacrificed."

TALKS OF BRITISH ATROCITIES.

Krueger Says the Conditions in Concentration Camps Are Terrible.

Paris.—The Figaro publishes a long interview with Mr. Krueger. After denying the cruelties charged against the Boers in Lord Kitchener's report Krueger declares that the atrocities of the concentration camps were twenty times worse than had been stated by Miss Hobhouse in Great Britain, and that, when fully known, they would cause the world to shudder with horror and move the nations to intervene.

"We are defending our liberty," continued Krueger, "and when it is granted we will lay down our arms. Great Britain knows our conditions. It is not for me to repeat them. We will never renounce our flag, and we cannot accept any protectorate. I am convinced that the hour will come when Great Britain will grant what is our right. Moreover, I am confident that God is with us and will not abandon us."

Mr. Fischer, who was present at the interview said nothing had yet been decided regarding Krueger's visit to America.

THE COLOMBIAN INCIDENT.

Foreign Office Not Inclined to Take a Biased View of the Matter.

New York.—A cable from Berlin says: The Foreign Office makes the following statement regarding the Allegheny incident: "The affair has not been sufficiently investigated, but there is no reason for any excitement. In principle the German Government recognizes that merchant ships in foreign territorial waters are subject to search by the authorities of those countries. By existing treaty it is provided that at such times the Consul must be present. This was the case in Colombia, though the German Consul is a Colombian."

"As regards the reported insulting of the German flag, the Cologne Gazette points that every bit of cloth of German colors stitched together is not a German flag. We must await the conclusion of the inquiry at present being carried on."

"In case Germany should demand satisfaction, the matter will in all probability give rise to a friendly exchange of notes."

Blockhouses to Guard Railways.

New York.—A cable from Pretoria says: The blockhouse system which was recently adopted by the British is evidently a success. The blockhouses now extend a long distance. Their construction has been rapid, only a fortnight having been occupied in building enough of them to cover a stretch of country 180 miles long.

This system has resulted in interrupting communication between the different districts of Boers and enables the British to obtain accurate knowledge of the movements of burghers. Attacks on the railway are futile where blockhouses have been completed, and at the present time 200 miles of railway are protected. Captured cattle can now be brought along the line, and the Boers are being rapidly deprived of their stock. Breaks in the railway by the Boers are now greatly reduced.

Attendance at the Pan-American.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The bureau of admissions announces that the admissions at the Pan-American Exposition during the first three months ending at midnight on July 31st were

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

John Doe has now no legal standing in the courts of Connecticut. It is good to see one immemorial fraud snuffed out.

A man killed himself because he had a headache. What would he have done if he had ever become the central station of a jumping toothache?

A woman has sued her husband for a divorce because he let her fall when she fainted. Doubtless the general allegation was that of non-support.

G. R. Sims says "the future of Great Britain lies in its gradual absorption by the United States." The London Review will throw three styles of fits when it reads that.

Ten thousand women of the highest society in New York are said to smoke cigarettes. At this rate after awhile the upper ten will be synonymous with the number that come in a box.

There is ten times as much goodness in the world as badness. Badness is new and the newspapers print it. Goodness is common and needs no bush. Dishonesty is news. Honesty is common.

The words "hades" and "Gehenna" may replace the word commonly used in the scriptures as their equivalent, but they are too cumbersome and inexpressive ever to find place in the vocabulary of the mule driver or steamboat man.

The country is big enough to afford scope for the college man and the self-made man. They should get together in an altruistic spirit and admit that college men are not necessarily mere athletes or dreamers, and that self-made men do not invariably say "I seen it" and "I done it."

A great monument, we hope, will be erected in honor of that author or publisher who will devise ways and means of making only one book grow where two have grown before; who will put into reasonable form the works that, in accordance with an ancient but quite incomprehensive superstition, are always brought out in such shape as to almost prohibit the perusal of them.

In this age of money-making on a colossal scale it is gratifying to find the educational institutions of the United States sharing the prosperity of the nation. They are powerful agencies in shaping the character of the young men to whom will be intrusted the development of the nation's resources and the control of our governmental institutions. American generosity seems to be fully equal to the work of keeping our universities up to the highest standard. In time the United States may lead the world not only, as it now does, in the facilities for elementary education which it provides through the State school systems, but also in the higher education.

The death of Rev. Dr. Joseph Cook recalls to mind the facts of his brilliant history. Twenty-five or thirty years ago he was the man most prominent on the stage as a lecturer, but he was more than that. He was a great orator, a reformer of the best rank and a leader of opinion with countless followers. His oratory was wonderful, with cyclonic force and persuasive influence. His exploits as a traveling lecturer were tremendous. One day he would overpower a Boston audience with his tremendous rhetoric, the next he would astound a Philadelphia audience with the thunder and lightning of his oratorical displays, and the next an audience in some other distant city would sit before him amazed at the wonderful power of his voice, the splendor of his language and the magnetism of his presence. Of course this could not last a great while. He has been an invalid and has lived in obscurity for a number of years. His strenuous life wore him out before his time.

Some surgeons took issue with the physician who at the convention of homeopathists in Milwaukee declared that "few cases of appendicitis required the use of the surgeon's knife to effect a cure." Summed up, however, their remarks served only to emphasize the truth of his contention. He cast no reflections upon surgeons, and he freely admitted that operations were necessary in some cases. In his assertion that they are not necessary in all cases, nor in a majority of cases, he is borne out by the experience of many skillful practitioners everywhere. It is a fact susceptible of proof that physicians are successfully treating appendicitis without surgery, and there is no occasion for a difference of opinion on the subject, except as this circumstance may be denied. Probably all physicians will agree that under certain conditions an operation is necessary. If the trouble can be relieved in any case without surgery the contention of many scientific men who are not impressed by the sensational use of the knife on the slightest provocation must be looked upon as established.

The new census returns show that the rapid growth which characterized English cities in the latter part of the nineteenth century has been checked. The great towns of England have grown until recently almost as fast as those of America. Although the names of most of them were known in the

Middle Ages and of some even in Roman times, they are in most essential respects as new as Boston, if not as Chicago. But during the past ten years the growth of most of them has been very moderate. Liverpool, which had 620,548 inhabitants in 1891, has only 685,270 now. Manchester in 1891, with 505,368 inhabitants, was ahead of Boston and St. Louis; now, with 543,930, it is behind them both. Boston and St. Louis have passed Birmingham as well. Cleveland and Buffalo have distanced Bristol and Bradford. Toledo, which ten years ago was behind Blackpool, Brighton, Preston, Norwich, Birkenhead, Gateshead, Plymouth, Derby, Halifax and Southampton, is now ahead of them all. No doubt, whatever increase there is in the population of England hereafter will go to the cities, as heretofore, but the indications are that this increase will not be great enough to give the cities a very rapid growth. They already include the bulk of English population. They have not grown by their own natural increase, but by draining the country districts. The country districts now have not much left to drain. When England becomes one vast smoky city it will be hard to say how its population is to be maintained.

The end of the redskin, so far as he is officially concerned with the United States Government, is in sight. Within two years the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory will be stripped of their identity as a people, and they will either have to become citizens of the United States or leave it. We have been so busy thinking about the Filipino, the Porto Rican and the Cuban that we have lost sight of what has been termed "the greatest human tragedy of the end of the century." Years ago, when no one ever dreamed that the West was to be populated and become the richest portion of our domain, a treaty was made with the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles by which twenty million acres of land known as Indian Territory were set apart for their reservation, to be theirs so long as an Indian lived. To save the Indians and their invested "funds" the Government has determined to break this treaty, to abolish their tribal government and councils and divide their lands into small tracts. That the reconstruction of the Indian Territory is absolutely necessary to save the Indian lands from the rapacity of the whites and half-breeds is the belief of W. R. Draper, who writes of this "greatest of human tragedies" in the Outlook. A few years ago Congress found by extended investigation that the Territory was the harboring place of outlaws; that white men who had married Indian women held thousands of acres of the finest land, while the full-blooded Indian was living back in the woods and barely getting enough to sustain life. The whites and treacherous half-breeds were gradually grabbing all the Territory. Congress therefore decided that it would be better to break faith with them and save them the remnants of their invested funds. The work of winding up the affairs of the Five Tribes is now being carried out by a commission appointed under the Curtis act, which was passed by Congress in June, 1898. Town sites are being laid out, and the Indians are being enrolled for their allotments of land. When these 80,000 Indians receive their deeds in fee simple for their allotments of land there will be opened for settlement what Mr. Draper calls a "veritable paradise for white people." So anxious are the Indians to get rid of the land that many of them sell their "certificates of selection," which become bills of sale to the land. As soon as the work of this commission is completed and the Indians have received their allotments the land will gradually pass into the possession of the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon and the Five Tribes will pass out of existence forever.

Once "King of the Wheat Pit." There died in San Francisco a few days ago in great obscurity a man whose name was known all over the country in 1887 as the "king of the wheat pit." At the time when William Dresbach came into national prominence General Boulanger was the man of the hour in France, and it was quite generally believed that he was about to overthrow the republic. Such a coup d'état would have resulted in war in France, and would have sent the price of foodstuffs soaring. Dresbach started to discount the future and attempted to corner the wheat market of the country. He was at the time the President of the Produce Exchange of San Francisco, and he was backed in his effort by the millions of the Nevada bank, of which J. C. Flood and John W. Mackay, the mining millionaires, were the owners. Under the skillful manipulations of Dresbach the price of wheat went steadily up until on Aug. 2, 1887, it touched \$2.17½ a cental. But the load was too heavy and the same day the bubble burst. Dresbach lost all his own large fortune, James C. Flood was caught for nearly \$6,000,000, and James G. Fair for \$4,000,000. As for Dresbach, he dropped at once into complete obscurity, from which he never emerged. The last fifteen years he has spent as a broker in a small way.

When a dressmaker makes a quilt out of silk scraps, the women begin to look at her with suspicion. It isn't wise to speak the truth at all times. Silence is often more satisfactory.

The new census returns show that the rapid growth which characterized English cities in the latter part of the nineteenth century has been checked. The great towns of England have grown until recently almost as fast as those of America. Although the names of most of them were known in the

TOPIC OF THE TIMES

Oklahoma means "Red Man's Land," but it is fast coming to be anything but that.

Consolidation has struck the Chicago elevated roads, and they are henceforth to act as one.

Six thousand Mormons are going from United States to Mexico, where they will form colonies.

Hawaii cannot afford to lay cables between all its islands, but will make it up with wireless telegraphy.

Oregon is in imminent danger of becoming known as the Toad State—on account of the number of hops raised therein.

Governor's Island is to be made the finest military post in United States; at an ultimate cost of a million and a half dollars.

Havana is now said to be healthier than some of our own Southern coast cities—owing to the extra care given it by United States authorities.

Postmasters are agitating for a regulation that shall compel the use of letter-envelopes of uniform size, so they can handle them more conveniently.

Western Florida negroes decline to favor the annexation of their part of the State to Alabama, because they have heard that the climate of the latter is unhealthy.

Newfoundland is the largest lobster-hatching country in the world. Floating incubators, which can be used in the neighborhood of any cannery establishment, are used.

While you are elbowing your way among the crowds that rush to buy at a popular store, reflect that half of them may be "dummies," hired by the employers to swell the rush; and that the goods they order are never delivered.

If a meteorite falls on your farm, don't leave it lying around where anybody that likes can get it. Collectors of these little messengers from the stars are paying such prices for them that they will soon be worth their weight in gold.

In some of our States laws have been enacted, and in several they are being advocated, to prevent marriages between the physically unfit—persons tainted with inherited insanity or other maladies that are transmitted from one generation to another.

Plans have been drawn for a tower twice as high as the Eiffel, to commemorate the consolidation of Greater New York. It (the picture) is twelve-sided, and has electric cars running spirally around it. Whether it ever gets any higher than the plan, is a question.

An interesting sight in London is a flying machine, which the builders are confident will be very successful. It looks much like Zeppelin's airship, and was designed by a Spanish youth mainly as an engine of war. It is intended to rise to a great height and drop explosives.

A Tall Man's Club has been organized in the University of Pennsylvania. It has twelve members, each of whom is 6 ft 2 inches or more in height. Six other men, termed "shorties" because they are only 5 feet 1 inch in height, are associate members. The names of the officers are the Moon-Hitter, the Sky-Scraper, and the Ceiling-Duster.

The Kansas City Journal says that the name of the postoffice Half Rock, in Missouri, is not to be accounted for by any peculiarity of the physical features of that place, as might be supposed. It seems that one of the first buildings erected there was a general store, the proprietor of which sold such bad sugar that his customers declared it to be "half rock." The term was in course of time applied to the store itself, and subsequently to the postoffice established at the place.

AN ACCOMMODATING VINE.

Nothing Prettier than Old-Fashioned Cypress.

The girl from school came home the 21st of June to spend her annual vacation. The mother had been ill and the care of the flower garden had fallen upon others. The chore boy had kept the lawn mower going until the lawn seemed covered with a robe of velvet green. He had kept the weeds out of the flower beds also, and the display of showy bedding plants, lilies and ever-blooming roses made the premises fair and bright. Yet there was something lacking.

"Mother," said the girl from school, "the yard has all of its good looks yet, but the house is changed. Only by the dining room, where the clematis and passion vines are in all their old profusion, does our house look like home. Everywhere else it is as bald and bare as barn. When you used to train vines over the windows and porches it seemed so cosy and comfortable. Can't I train some vines over them yet? Or is the end of June too late to think of such a thing?"

"It is late," answered the mother, "but not hopelessly so. There is nothing else that can compete in quick growth with a vine, if plenty of string is allowed it, and it is trained every day. There are plenty of self-sowing cypress vines just coming up. By the south bay window, just where you want them most, are three or four plants already beginning to trail on the ground. They will grow three times as fast if you will lift them up and provide them with something on which to climb. See what you can do with the cypress."

The daughter at once set to work. Cords were stretched to window casements, to the bay window roof and

along the ends and sides of the west veranda. There were a few cypress vines already where they were needed, though the most forward one was less than two feet in length. But there were plenty of young seedlings not far away, and these were carefully lifted with the earth intact about their roots and set thickly wherever they were wanted.

The ground where these vines were planted was rich, mellow and deep. Rains fortunately were frequent, and those vines grew with a rapidity that reminded their watchers of the story of Jack and his beanstalk. The girl from school did not tolerate a lagging, slow-growing vine. They were crossed, interlaced and fastened up—a course that but stimulated their desire to grow. It was her theory that when allowed to twine in tight little rings, around and around, this acted as a ligature, stopping sap circulation and growth of vine. By the 1st of August, or a scant six weeks from her taking the vines in hand, they were to the top of the bay window, and festooning the south doorway, while all the veranda was in the grateful shade of a thick curtain of living green.

And what a lovely, frilly, billowy mass of green it was! The rank, luxuriant growth produced a rich, dark green most lovely to everyone in whom the sense of color was developed. The girl from school declared it perfect without a single blossom. Nevertheless, when the blossoms came she had to modify this speech, for they made it prettier than before. There were myriads of the tiny, star-like, velvety flowers, some white and some scarlet, standing out in vivid relief against their dark foliage. All day long the bright flowers nodded in beauty, and though they lasted but one day, the morrow brought as many more to take their place. The bay window and the veranda were bowers of loveliness. No rare exotic could have been finer or more picturesque. And not one vine in twenty would as quickly have transformed the barrenness into verdure and completeness.

Moral—if you want a-got-there-quick vine, if you want a graceful vine; if you admire dainty and fern-like foliage; if you like pretty and bright flowers, lots of them, and long continued; and if you wish all these good qualities combined in one, grow plenty of man's sociable little friend, the cypress vine.—Washington Star.

Letters of Introduction.

"I disapprove of letters of introduction," said an elderly New Orleans business man, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I won't give one under any circumstances, but I must confess that I stopped writing them on account of a little accident that had nothing to do with the proprieties of the case."

A certain friend asked me to give a letter to a young Englishman, introducing him to a former business partner of mine now living in Louisville.

"I didn't want to do it, but lacked the moral courage to refuse; so I wrote two letters, one the introduction requested, the other a brief note to the Louisville man, explaining the circumstances, and saying that I didn't really know whether the Englishman was a gentleman or a horse thief.

"Two days later I got a telegram from my old partner, saying that he had received a letter of introduction by mail, and was at a loss to know what to make of it. You see I had put the two letters into the wrong envelopes, and had given the Englishman the private note of repudiation."

"I suppose he read it, of course," remarked some one in the group of listeners.

"That's just what has been troubling me," replied the merchant. "I don't know whether he did or not. He presented it without turning a hair, and if he knew the contents he certainly made no sign. At least that is the report of my friend, who was so surprised when he ran his eye over the epistle that he nearly fell out of his chair."

"All this happened four years ago, and I haven't written a letter of introduction since."

Very Mysterious.

Mrs. Jessie de Mercado, writing in Harper's Magazine of her experiences in Jamaica, tells the story of two treasures stored away beneath a buggy seat. She lived at Old Harbor, a small place about twenty miles from Kingston.

"One day," she says, "when a visit to my Kingston dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the rumble and drive me to the town.

"I paid my visit to the dressmaker, the yard has all of its good looks yet, but the house is changed. Only by the dining room, where the clematis and passion vines are in all their old profusion, does our house look like home. Everywhere else it is as bald and bare as barn. When you used to train vines over the windows and porches it seemed so cosy and comfortable. Can't I train some vines over them yet? Or is the end of June too late to think of such a thing?"

"It is late," answered the mother, "but not hopelessly so. There is nothing else that can compete in quick growth with a vine, if plenty of string is allowed it, and it is trained every day. There are plenty of self-sowing cypress vines just coming up. By the south bay window, just where you want them most, are three or four plants already beginning to trail on the ground. They will grow three times as fast if you will lift them up and provide them with something on which to climb. See what you can do with the cypress."

"But the look of helpless amazement on his face stopped me."

"Lor missis, it am queer," he exclaimed, "but not so queer as what done happen to me! Me bought a quattig (three cents) worth of dat pretty ting day calls ice, to bring home to show to my sister, and I put him in dar wid your dress to keep him safe—and now him gone for true, and how him get out I dunno, wid you sittin' on him all de time!"

"A sober second thought is better than a drunken first one."

DOINGS OF WOMEN

AS NEAT AS A MAN.

NOT all girls can be beautiful. Every girl can be radiantly and exquisitely clean. This means, first, absolute bodily cleanliness, only possible with daily bath, frequent washings of the hair, constant care of the nails and teeth, and after that, clean, carefully brushed and often renewed clothing. A pitfall of the moment to careless girls is found in the little neckbands now enjoying wide vogue. They developed to protect delicate ribbons and chifrons from too soon soiling. It seems likely that something will have to be devised to protect these, in turn, from too long wearing. Rumpled ties, vest fronts, bodices and finery of any sort are an abomination, and should not be permitted in these days of easy renovation or replacement.

Girls may well take a lesson in this regard from the other sex. "As neat as a man" is a frequently heard expression, and woman should blush to admit that a man's reading of neatness should be finer than hers. Yet a few hours is the accepted masculine wear of a shirt and collar, and his clothing is so constantly brushed and sponged and pressed that at every street corner almost there are caterers to this trade, says Harper's Bazaar. The habits of neatness should extend to the care of belongings as well as to their wear. Articles that are carefully put away in protecting receptacles after any removable dust is brushed or shaken off not only last much longer, but at all times make a much fresher appearance.

Capable Indian Girl.

Rose Duvernay is a Petoskey, Mich., girl, who, though but 21 years of age, has already made a creditable record for herself and is a shining example of the capacity of the native American to succeed in the higher walks of life. Ten years ago, she was a bright little Indian maiden, her father being John Duvernay, a local Indian politician and land looker. She attended the Catholic convent school at Harbor Springs for a few years, and then entered the Petoskey public schools, spending a few months in the high school. From here she was sent to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., where she graduated at the age of 19, at the head of her class. She pursued devoting her life to the work of teaching and had so distinguished herself by her abilities that she was almost immediately given an appointment as a government teacher in the Indian school at Hookashka, I. T., and a little later was transferred to a more important post at Las Vegas, N. M.

Change in Housekeeping Methods. A radical change in housekeeping methods is inevitable. In that change will come the sure remedy for the phase of industrial discontent that we as housekeepers confront in kitchens. The relations between mistress and maid will yet be wisely adjusted; there will be fuller recognition by each of the rights and duties of each. Reciprocity will be strictly maintained, and domestic service given its rightful and honored place among leading industries. Then housework will attract, and not as now, repel, capable, intelligent women, without whose faithful service an ideal home life may not be preserved.

How to secure the services of such a woman is a question of more importance than any absorbing the women's clubs at present. How to train her into comparative adequacy for the place that she will fill no longer than it takes to find something else (almost anything else) to do, how to train housekeepers, etc., why not suspend the trite discussion for a while and take up something like this: Is it not imperative that housekeepers unite in making domestic service more attractive to capable and intelligent women?—Woman's Home Companion.

Woman Landscape Gardner.

A HAVEN.

Ships are anchored, sails are furled,
Shore-lights in the dusk appear;
Faint, and far away, we hear
Roaring sea-ways of the world.
In the haven's sheltered walls
Soft the starry silence falls!
Winds that drove us through the deep
Touch us now as soft as sleep;
Waves that smote before are now
Rippled whispers at the bow.
Dim lights glimmer on the ships,
Shadowy figures cross the decks,
Golden flashing phosphor-specks
Sparkle where an ear-blade dips.
Large, above the steady spars,
Shine the radiant southern stars;
Falls, from crystal heights of air,
Sound of wings that seaward fare;
Inland, still and dark and lone,
Night enfolds a land unknown.
Weary wanderers may stay
Here awhile the unknown quest,
Seekers of the far-away.
Here a little while may rest.
—Sidney Royse Lysaght, in "Poems of the Unknown Way."

HORROR OF THREE SANDALS.

THE old sluggish monster of revolution, long since drugged to sleep, some think to death, yet sometimes stirs. Its movements are dream-movements, its snake-like convulsions are harmless. It is merely the habit of the dead past, when Diaz was not yet Power, which causes the beast to heave its lethargic sighs and open up, from time to time, a red orb devoid of meaning.

Up over the Cuernavaca railroad comes now the military detachment lately sent into Guerrero. The little company eats dinner by the Cuernavaca station. Five lank soldiers in sandals sit at a distance on the ground; and, whereas all the others are gay, these five sit depressed with gloom, recalling a strange thing.

The heart of Guerrero, state of golden miracles, is not yet opened to the world. Mountains and mysteries shut it away from modern life. Away down south, two hundred miles from the railroad, is the town of Three Sandals. Into it came, five years ago, an American named Sturge. He bought a mine and worked it all alone, and they said he stacked up gold in an adobe house as high as the roof. He was tall, with silken beard, feline grace, mild, deep, unreal eyes. Gold turned his head; gold made his house an empire, Three Sandals the center of the universe. He dreamed of severing this southern land from Mexico, and insane ideas of a monarchy came to him.

The chief of police was fat and flabby, and often full of pulque. He lived in a large house on the plaza by the palms. His sister was a beauty, aged 19, named Otilia.

"Otilia, I call you a failure," complained the chief, drinking three quarts of pulque in the patio, while she lounged languid under those enormous yellow flowers called "cups-of-gold."

"Manjarrez killed himself for you. Elias slew Negrete for you. Olivares robbed the hacienda to buy you a ruby, and was shot. The governor at Chilpancingo made a fool of himself for you. Bah! what good is all this if you cannot find out the revolutionary schemes of that cursed American, and save my reputation. I want to kill him, and, alas!—with a comic shrug, spilling pulque—"there is no way."

"Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe, my love," said she, with a smile.

"But—the shadow of an excuse! I know he plots, but never a finger can I lay on him. Make him fall in love with you, witch; worm it out of him. Our reparation is at stake."

She dreamed, lying there graceful, beautiful, mischief in her languid eye.

"I will," she said, and plucked a cup-of-gold, and buried her flushed face therein.

She was shrewd. She was not of the dashing type. She was leisurely reserved. She had watched Sturge for months. She knew him slightly; she had smiled at him. Into her deep thinking came the knowledge that there was something of the mystic in his nature, that mystery might win him where other means would fail.

Every evening at 6 she wrapped herself in a black rebozo so that eyes glowing and portions of a face artificially pale were seen beneath lustrous hair.

Then, solemn, sad, moving statue, she walked to and fro, to and fro, before the American's house. When he stood in the door stroking his silken beard and gazed on her, she nodded slowly, as though unseeing, and sighed a heavy sigh. At dusk, having walked to and fro for an hour, she sighed more heavily still and went away.

After one week of this mystery, the form of Otilia began to haunt him. She was very beautiful, said he. There were lurking in her eyes vast dreams, restlessness, towering ambitions—ah! like his own, like his own. He tossed in the night, somehow drawn to her. After all, was it good to be lonely? With such a mate to what grand heights might any man not soar! So, from seeing her by chance, he came to watch for her, and when she passed his hand was frozen on his beard, or burned with fire that ran in all his blood. Meanwhile a plan to overthrow the town's authorities, to gather men, to march on Chilpancingo, took form. Two officers nearest the person of the chief were Sturge's fellow-plotters.

On the eighth evening of this moving noise,

"It's on the table," he said, weakly. She brought him the blank. He filled it out—all save the name. She left him staring stupidly at her, and presently heard him call for three more quarts of pulque.

Otilia was not so villainous as she

bursting from her eyes. The street was lonely. He stepped out and laid his exceedingly long slim fingers on her arm. She paused, and they gazed at one another.

"Otilia, some dread thing haunts you."

"Yes, señor." Her eyes were down.

"Otilia, a great weight is on you. I am one used to speaking out. When God puts fire into a man's heart, the man should never hide it, lest it burn him. Otilia, I seem to see myself in your eyes. Heart of my heart, I love you."

She, exceedingly white, raised her eyes just enough to see his chin; and with a startling mixture of mischief and emotional upheaving, she remembered her words: "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe."

He kissed her as the dusk came. She went home, bewildered to find that her eyes seemed blind. When she put her rebozo to them it came away wet. She walked statelily, looking at all the low, barred windows. She entered her brother's patio and sat down under the great cups-of-gold. At supper she could not eat. In bed she could not sleep. In the night her little bare feet went softly up and down the room. In the morning she was afraid of herself, something within her heart scared her so.

The love passage thus began, and Otilia, in winning him, had lost herself. Ah, his god-like form, his foreign strength, his whiteness! She loved him. The same old difference between the man's vast schemes were mightier than his love. The woman's love was mightier than all else.

At the edge of the town was a deserted alameda full of mango-trees. Here were aged stone benches seldom used. Here the shade was like dusk at noon, like midnight at dusk. Here they met, evening after evening, she falling panting into his arms, he gazing at her scarcely seen face with hungry eyes.

"You are incarnate truth," he said. Blood flew to her face; her brain seemed drowned. "Yet—I was false."

"What bad jest is this?"

She lay trembling. Somehow a fear entered him.

"Speak!" he cried, almost letting her from him.

"I—I plotted against you."

"How—it is a lie!"

"Oh, my soul's soul! I set about to win you, instigated by my brother, that I might learn your plan of revolution, and conquer you and bring you to death. Crush me if you must—thus have I lost myself—thus have you overthrown me!"

He let her fall on the old stone bench.

The shade of the mango-trees was deep. He stood a little way off, tall and still, and looked at her. Just here the revulsion came; for gold had made him insane with dreams. His love was second to his plot. Distrust sank deep in him. He felt himself betrayed. Cold drops were on his forehead. He had walked on in a deep gold mist. He gazed on this girl. She was incarnate treason; his love for her was turned to fear.

Wounded, ignoble, but grand with rage, he turned, and she was left alone. After that he smiled at her no more, nor looked at her. He dared not flee; that were confession and meant death. He dared not prolong delay.

She had groped her way home from the mango-grove. Though she was sweet and leisurely and shrewd, she had in her that fuel which, touched with fire, burns on to vengeance. But she was sad; and it seemed some second self mercilessly drove her on to the revenge which her better nature did not want. She wept, and grew thin in three days miraculously. Sometimes she joked with herself even yet, in manner ghastly. "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard," murmured she in bad night-dreams; and she saw his head, in visions, hung thus, horrible.

The first night of their estrangement, the fat, pulque-drinking chief found letters at the home of one of his subordinates. They incriminated the subordinate, who was arrested and put in the little adobe jail across the plaza. The chief strove in vain to find one word of those epistles which might give ground for the arrest of Sturge. But the American's tracks were yet covered. The chief shed mauldin tears of exasperation.

The third night Otilia came knocking at his door at 10 o'clock. She was admitted; the chief sitting in a gown on his bed's edge.

"This subordinate, the arrested one," said she, steady-voiced, "when is he to be shot?"

"At sunrise. I am writing the order for the soldiers who will arrive to-night. Oh, you failure!"

"Come, keep these railings for another. Give me the order, but leave the name a blank."

Her manner was cold, stern, and she was pale and sick.

"Why?" he growled.

She put one hand on the foot-board and leaned close to him. "I may do that which your secret soul longs for," whispered she. "Do I not know that it is his gold that you want? Think! They say it is stacked to the roof."

"But I should be called to account for a baseless execution, you fool!"

"I have a fading ink. I write the name and show it to the captain. He executes the order. The ink fades. You substitute the rightful name, and on the captain lies the blame."

He fell back in bed with a choking noise.

"It's on the table," he said, weakly.

She brought him the blank. He filled it out—all save the name. She left him staring stupidly at her, and presently heard him call for three more quarts of pulque.

Otilia was not so villainous as she

seemed. She was tottering. She had scarce an idea that she should execute so dreadful a plan. It was the warning between those two differing selves of hers that drove her on to make these preparations. In these ugly hours, too, was the playfulness yet alive in her. She thought that to threaten him, in play, with this ghastly thing would be sweet mischief's way to win him back. If he would but smile at her once more! And deep in her the other self said: "Kill!"

She could not rest. She wrapped herself in her black rebozo and went out. She walked by the jail and paused and scanned it. The plaza was dark and the palms rustled. She went down a street and sadly walked to and fro before the American's house, recalling the day he kissed her as the dusk came. At times hate raved in her. Memory drew her at length to the alameda, and beyond it. Under these trees had she rested in his arms. Beyond, where the fields were rocky—yonder in that lonely spot beside the gorge—was the tall iron post to which criminals were chained to be shot. Out of the mango-grove, out of the days of love, she might lead him here to this iron post—and her fingers held the paper of death. The night was very black. She shuddered.

Suddenly she heard a crying out. Women and men were shouting back there by the town. She walked in that direction. The shouting was increased, and there was a scurrying about near two thatched huts.

"The ants! The warrior ants!" was the shout.

She came nearer to a hut. Men in sandals went leaping with torches. There was a strange crackling in the thatches. Behold! the ground was black with marching millions. Scorpions, lizards, spiders, ran terror-stricken from that army. The thatches were being pierced by thousands of unseen marauders. Human beings, seizing all things of value, fled crying into the night.

These ants march in terrible battalions. There is no way known to man to stop them. They have their officers, they select a goal. On they come, and all things die before. A house is overrun. Every living thing, or piece of food, vanishes. All other insects are devoured. Men must absent themselves till the ants depart. Returning, all is bare. The army has conquered, devastated, passed on.

Fascinated, she stood with some sandaled laborers, who, on the outskirts of this scene of ruin, watched it by torchlight.

"Where will they go next?" cried one.

"Yonder, yonder, in this direction. See! The vanguard is already advancing thither!"

She beheld the leading battalion forming in fours, and heading away across the barren field. She looked up. A strange chill ran over her. That iron post, yonder by the gorge, stood in their track.

At midnight she passed Sturge's house, and he was going in. His door was open and a faint light shone on him. She paused, where he saw her. She looked at him, with her soul in her eyes, and he spurned her. Her bad self flamed up. She ran away, wild with hate. She stood a moment under the palms, and there a diabolical purpose came in regard to the Tamaqua fire, now under control.

The Summit Hill burning mine, for more than thirty years pointed out to the thousands of tourists who stopped at Mauch Chunk for a ride over the famed switchback, was left to burn itself out. The earth's surface gradually sank in above it, leaving the whole space a picture of desolation.

Work by Daylight.

Although many writers do their literary work at night, it is wiser to write only in the daytime. The night worker generally wants a stimulant, and becomes addicted to strong coffee or worse. That kind of regimen exhausts physical powers, and is inclined to seriously affect mental ones. The greater flow of blood to the brain of nights is apt to bring about exaggerations. Day workers are sometimes forced to write far into the night. Next day, looking over their nocturnal productions, they are unpleasantly surprised with the general wild character of their copy.

At 11 o'clock a detachment of soldiers had arrived. About 1, Otilia came to the door of the decrepit barracks. The captain had orders to obey the chief of police. She came to him and said: "My brother is ill. His servants are sitting with him. So he sent me with this order."

She disappeared. The captain read the command for the immediate execution of one Sturge, American.

A little later the unfortunate Anglo-Saxon schemer was seized in bed. They put on him clothes somewhat similar to those worn by runners in athletic contests, so that he was nearly naked. In the night they led him out and on through the black mango-grove. In that stony field by the gorge they chained him to a post. A priest came, was received with haughty contempt, and went away. Well for the soldiers that they stood ten yards to the gorge's left. Thus did the flank of that black unseen army pass them by unharmed.

Silence, darkness, weird waiting for the dawn. The gold-maddened dreamer was a stool. He was as iron as the post and chain. Out of the night shadows a ghost-voice called from yonder in the rocks:

"I can free you. I can yet free you. Tell me once more you love me, and life is yours."

He did not answer. The soldiers believed her crazy, or thought that St. Mary had come down.

"It is I who brought you here. Give me your heart, and it is I who shall take you away."

The night was yet black. He did not answer. What stoke, beyond man's dreams of stoicism, was that man of Anglo-Saxon blood! Ay, Indians can endure. Savages can suffer and emit no sound. But of all God's creatures there is none so strong as the American steel.

"But I should be called to account for a baseless execution, you fool!"

"I have a fading ink. I write the name and show it to the captain. He executes the order. The ink fades. You substitute the rightful name, and on the captain lies the blame."

There was wild war in her. She had meant to torment him. She had not meant that he be shot. She could never consent to kill, her better self was too timid. But his spurning had crazed her. At dawn, she thought sinking down on the rocks, she would confess the substituted name, release him. But

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

The fact that peace reigns in this town whilst industrial disturbance and distress rages all around reflects the highest credit alike upon employers and employees.

The big robbery of \$275,000 in gold bullion from the safe vault at the Selby Smelting works is proof that the vigilance of the Selby managers was not equal to the ingenuity of the crooks who got away with the boodle.

The Coast-Advocate and Peninsula Pennant have been consolidated under the able management of Roma T. and F. L. Jackson. The Coast and Peninsula are now in conjunction and the result we predict, will be a live paper, and lively times inland and all along shore.

About fifty per cent of all the dwelling houses here are owned by working men. This is a good showing, but can be improved upon. This is a workingman's town, and there is no good reason why workingmen should not own a large majority of its dwelling houses. Such ownership must result alike in benefit to employers and employed.

Among the many advantages of this town, as a manufacturing center, there is one which has not received sufficient consideration. We refer to the fact that the founders of the town have not only provided sites for factories at this place with the advantages of a deep water ship canal and wharves, an independent railroad system with ample switching facilities for every industry; water works with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, but they have also provided land which workingmen may secure at reasonable prices and on favorable terms as homes for themselves and their families. The wisdom of this policy has been amply demonstrated in the growth of the town and by the conditions resulting in a measure at least from such a policy.

We find in running over the list of dwelling houses in the town that about fifty per cent of all dwellings here belong to workingmen. This means permanency of those employed. It means that we have the very highest grade and best class of wage earners here. This results in advantage not alone to the workingmen but to their employers as well. This fact is a strong inducement when known and understood to the investment of capital in industrial enterprises at this place. A fact which should receive much more prominence and attention than has been given it.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

All people in love are conceited. A forced laugh is a lie without speaking.

Even a pleasing smile gets to be an old story.

Ever remark how little attention people pay to your opinions?

How we all hate to listen to the person who talks "like a book!"

Some people are fools, and they can't help it. Don't argue with them.

You must put a man in harness to get his gaits. Pedigree doesn't go.

Do you carry what is known as "individuality" so far that you are a nuisance to your friends?

Today hasn't been so bad, has it? Well, today was once a part of the future that you worried about.—Atchison Globe.

Novel Ammunition.

During the sieges of medieval times it was very common for the beleaguered to throw from their catapults and other military engines dead bodies of dogs, swine, together with pieces of horseflesh and similar carrion into the city or castle besieged in order that the defenders might by the stench of this putridity be forced to a surrender.

A Long Wait.

Katrine—I was reading this morning of a man who cooked his own breakfast for 15 years.

Max—He must have been very hungry when he finally got it done. Bonne.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by the Su-
pervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All the members were present.

Margareta Conda Amarel, an indi-
gent person of the second township was allowed \$8 per month from the date of her application.

The State Board of Examiners noti-
fied the board that the claim of the county for \$224 for support of orphans and half orphans was allowed for \$165.50.

The following bills were allowed.

	FIRST ROAD FUND.
John F. Baer	294 05
Peter Gillooley	44 00
Edward Sullivan	4 00
R. Mori	21 00
Spring Valley Water Works	107 15
Shedebaker Co.	445 00
George Furter	96 00
E. Smith	8 00
Chas Barbeau	48 00
C. Bronner	116 00
T. F. Roberts	116 00
James Kerr	18 00
J. F. Kerr	5 00
Mr. James Kerr	106 00
C. D. Hayward	6 00
GENERAL FUND.	
Hyde Contracting Co.	83 00
Hyde Contracting Co.	926 00
Sunset Telephone Co.	49 40
Danville	18 00
V. M. Barret	18 00
S. H. Mansfield	176 45
E. C. Cunningham	11 00
George Barker	16 00
H. Hege	2 00
Dempsey	140 00
B. A. Rankin	50 00
Consolidated Light Power Co.	2 00
James Crowe	23 75
M. J. Crowley	28 70
C. D. Hayward	98 75
Levy Bros	32 75
R. C. Holmquist	9 25
John Cunah	5 30
Henry & Jameson	51 75
Templeton Mill Co.	100 00
Wm. Barret	10 00
J. L. Ross	10 00
Wm. Barret	52 20
M. Foley	3 00
O. Dodge	7 10
W. J. McGarvey	128 00

mont.

Third township—A. Neuman, Woodside; W. Maloney, Menlo Park; J. H. O'Keefe, Menlo Park.

Fourth township—T. G. Durham, Lobitos; A. Boitano, Halfmoon Bay; J. V. Azevedo, Halfmoon Bay; Joseph Debenedetti, Halfmoon Bay.

Fifth township—J. W. Packard, San Gregorio; C. Gianola, Pescadero; Palmer & Bell, San Gregorio; Lewis & Marshal, Pescadero.

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ODD EFFECTS OF THE FIRST SIGHT
OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

some of the People of the South Bid
Behind Trees In 1833, When the
Iron Horse Went By—The Country's
Earliest Railroad.

America cannot lay claim to the first locomotive or the first railroad. That great honor lies with England. Yet Yankee genius was not very far behind her, for, when George Stephenson launched his first real locomotive, the Rocket, on the Liverpool and Manchester road in 1829, the first spike had been driven on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, July 4, 1828, by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. This was the first road started in the United States, and in 1830 it had reached Ellicott Mills, 13 miles from Baltimore.

But the south can claim the honor of completing the longest railroad in the world at that date, being the old Charleston and Hamburg road, now a part of the South Carolina and Georgia system, which was begun in 1830, and by October, 1833, it had 137 miles of track in operation. In a letter from Mr. Samuel C. Clarke of Georgia, a kinsman of the writer, who attained the extreme age of 91 years and who had seen the beginning and the completion of this road, he thus gives his experience upon first sight of a locomotive:

"One day while going down to Charleston with a party of gentlemen to attend the races as we approached the city we saw in the distance the new railroad, finished some 10 or 12 miles out of Charleston. It was built upon piles, longer or short, according to the nature of the ground. Sometimes in crossing a ravine the rails were 20 feet from the surface. Our track ran near this elevated road, and soon a horrid shriek as from 20 panthers was heard in the woods. By this time we were nervous. Elephants and lions we had heard of, and some of us had seen them, but what monster was this whose screams we heard? Presently it came in sight, flying aloft through the air and breathing fire and smoke, and our frightened steeds became unmanageable, and in fact I think that some of our party were as badly frightened as our horses. If any of my readers are old enough to remember the introduction of locomotives and how they felt at first sight of them, they will perhaps understand our sensations that day in the pine woods."

"A mile or two farther on we came to a broken wagon by the side of the road, and near it sat a Georgia cracker smoking his pipe. On being asked what was his trouble he replied, 'Well, stranger, I've often heard tell of nullification, and now I reckon I've saw it for true.'

It is somewhat amusing now to read of the superstitions dread with which the inhabitants looked upon the building of these first railroads. Some thought the smoke of the continual passing trains would cause a pestilence or destroy all the crops along the road. Others were afraid to ride on the cars for fear of having their breath taken away, and the people in the cities objected to the railroad being built because they feared the smoke from the engines would soil the clothes which were hung out to dry.

Many are yet living who looked upon the terrible, screeching iron monster with awe and trepidation. Mr. Nat McGee of Ivy, Albemarle, tells a joke upon himself that when he heard the train coming he jumped from his horse and got behind a tree, where he viewed it for fear of being run over. Mr. W. T. Pratt, who was taking a wagon load of produce to Richmond, when he reached Gordonsville heard the whistle and terrible noise of the approaching train, and he and his companions were so scared that they sprang out, leaped the fence and ran across the field to a safe distance, leaving the wagon and team to its fate, but when the train appeared it was only an engine and one coach.

The first roadbeds were formed, as has been stated, by driving piles in the ground, upon the top of which were placed wooden stringers, in which were cut a groove for the wheels to run. These were called "wooden railroads" and at a distance appeared like the elevated railroads in the cities of the present day. The honor of this invention was contested between John Hartman of Scottsville, Va., and John Williams, an engineer of Ohio, but it did not prove a bonanza to either, for the wheels were constantly bouncing out of the groove, and the piles soon after gave place to solid dirt embankments, and strap iron rails were substituted for the wooden groove. But the grading was very imperfect and uneven, which made riding on one of these primitive railroads like going over a corduroy road in a springless wagon, with the cars bouncing over these rough rails to the jingling music of the windows.—Richmond Dispatch.

SOME WISE DON'TS.

Don't confound hauteur with dignity or repose with stupidity.

Don't "howl," "roar" or "explode."

To laugh heartily is better.

Don't pose. Affection is a bar to respect, let alone confidence.

Don't groan over the wickedness of the world, but mend your own.

Don't boast. The illiterate and the self conscious are thus made manifest.

Don't use superlatives. Few things require them, and they weaken description.

Don't preach unless you have practiced. Deeds are tremendously convincing.

Don't think a foreigner can comprehend you any better if you shout into his ear.

Don't forget that politeness is the foster sister of diplomacy and an essential tact.

Don't appraise a book at another's valuation. Critics are not censors absolute.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

We Are Shorter at Night.

It is an undoubted fact that the human body is shorter at night than in the morning, and that is due to the weight of the body compressing the intervertebral cartilages. During sleep or while in a recumbent position, the pressure being removed, their natural elasticity enables them to resume their normal size; consequently the height of an individual will vary from three-eighths to half an inch between morning and night.

Holed and Cornered.

Wife—I mended the hole in your trousers pocket last night after you had gone to bed, John, dear. Now, am I not a thoughtful wife?

Husband (dubiously)—Well—er—yes,

you are thoughtful enough, my dear, but how the mischief did you discover that there was a hole in my pocket?

Exchange.

First township—P. F. Roberts, Millbrae; Frank Pinebon, Colma; Regli & Kaiser, 12-Mile Farm; J. E. Rogers and J. M. Hawes, South San Francisco; M. De Lomas, Millbrae; J. J. Meahan, Emanuel Station; M. & S. Belli, Colma; James Johnson, Millbrae; John Biggio, Colma; George Kneese, South San Francisco.

Second township—A. Rowell, Bel-

THE RAILROAD SCARE.

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TOWN NEWS.

The Woodmens ball was a success. The County Poor Farm has at present 31 inmates.

Mrs. J. A. Huber Jr. is visiting friends at St. Helena, Cal.

Who will be the next working man to become a home owner here?

Buy or build you a home. Save rent and become your own landlord.

Mrs. Ripley's new cottage will add another ornament to Home Owners' Hill.

Miss Marie Putman, of San Francisco, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Snyder.

D. M. Sullivan is running the paper route recently purchased by Tom Herriter.

Mrs. Sagala has bought through Land Agent W. J. Martin, lot 16, in block 99.

Miss M. S. Schnell, of Sausalito, is visiting her sister Mrs. A. Jenevein at San Bruno.

Mrs. John Huber Jr. has just returned home after a months' visit at Helena, Cal.

Mr. John Bennett, of Visalia, and son of G. W. Bennett, paid our town a visit on Wednesday.

Jas. Grear, Messenger for the Western Meat Co., is spending a vacation at Auburn and Ukihi.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Patchell are spending a few days at the Patchell ranch, near Morgan Hill.

Miss Emma Engel of the Baden Hotel has returned after spending a few weeks visiting friends in San Francisco.

H. J. Vandenbos will be employed for some time by the California Jockey Club at Tanforan Race Track repairing harness.

Charles Johnson has put in a new foundation and door for M. J. Hawes under the Butcher Hall building on Grand Ave.

P. L. Murphy has returned from Oakland, at which place he has been engaged as a salesman for the Western Meat Company.

The gross receipts of San Francisco and San Mateo Railroad Company from June 1, 1900 to May 31, 1901, aggregated \$223,208.50.

Mrs. Lillian Daniel returned Tuesday evening from Dunsmuir, Cal., where she has been for some time, much improved in health.

Carl Peterson, an old resident of this place, and at present proprietor of a saloon in San Francisco, was in town visiting old friends on Monday.

G. H. Reichers, of the firm of Gaerdens & Reichers has sold his interest in the grocery and hardware business here to Herman Gaerdens, and removed to San Francisco.

Mrs. R. K. Patchell, after a pleasant vacation spent on their beautiful ranch on the Watsonville road, returned to her home in the city last Friday.—Sun Times, Morgan Hill.

While going from this place to the pottery on Monday morning Theodore Burlinger lost a diamond ring from his coat pocket. On leaving same at postoffice finder will be liberally rewarded.

Health Officer Barrett has made a vigorous report to the Board of County Supervisors upon the disgusting nuisance on San Bruno Road, caused by the dumping of San Francisco garbage by wholesale on said road.

On Friday of last week burglars made an attempt to blow open the safe in the R. R. office at San Mateo. The approach of an extra freight train probably frightened them away before they had accomplished their purpose.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Mr. W. J. Martin has raised \$9000 on the proposed oil well, but insists on securing the full \$12500 before commencing work. The unsettled conditions of industrial affairs hinders this, as well as many other enterprises.

Secretary Huff of the electric road was hurriedly called East this week to confer with the Baltimore gentlemen who now own the road. It is supposed the conference has something to do with the extension of the line to San Mateo.—Leader, San Mateo.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Prof. H. R. Painton, principal of our public school, requests parents who wish their children to attend school during the present school year to send the children to school now. The importance of the request is obvious, and we trust will meet with a prompt and general response.

LOST—Near Tanforan Park, August 1st, a white and black fox hound bitch; had on a San Francisco dog license collar No. 242. Liberal reward will be paid for return of dog to John J. McEvoy, 1713 13th ave., South San Francisco, or to Times-Gazette office, Redwood City.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

It is rumored that the delays in commencing work on the Bay Shore R. R. and on the extension of the S. F. and San Mateo Electric Ry. are due in a large measure to the conditions resulting from the prevailing

strikes which render it impracticable to obtain steel rails required for the work.

Mr. John L. Kennedy, a prominent attorney of Omaha, paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin the past week. Mr. Kennedy was one of the Republican Presidential electors for Nebraska in 1900. Mr. Martin and Mr. Kennedy were law partners at Omaha in the eighties.

Since the laying of the main sewer on Cypress and Juniper avenues by the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, the following property owners have made sewer connections, viz.: Robt. Wisnom, two houses; Charles Mercks, A. Patterson, two houses; N. Merriam, three houses; Wm. Hoppe; Mrs. Vestey, two houses; John Fischer; D. O. Daggett and Pat Ferriter, Grand Hotel.

"It is ever so humble there's no place like home." Yes, get a home somehow. Stop emptying your earnings into the insatiable maw of the always hungry rent roll. Get you a home and anchor yourself to mother earth. Get a home and stop rent waste, and waste of time and money spent in moving. When you become a free holder you will become a free man.

Mr. E. N. Brown has returned to our town after an absence of something more than twelve months, and has taken the position of engineer at the pumping works of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, relieving Mr. John Schirck, who goes to Ukihi Springs to recuperate his health. Mr. Brown has, during the past year, held the responsible position of engineer on one of the Government transports, and is well qualified for the new duties he has assumed.

SAN BRUNO ROAD WAYSIDE NOTES.

Everyone knows that the powder works at Santa Cruz had its annual blow up. One man was killed and another is dying. But still the proprietors are exonerated and enjoying good health.

All kinds of beer; but Shakespeare and Books' peer don't go with Fritz. The hot weather during the past few days has made steam and lager beer a popular beverage, and those who indulge, as some few do during weather of this kind, frequently resort to those places where they can find the brand that best suits their taste. A group of such were lined up along the bar of "The Real Thing" saloon, and while they were being served, one of the party said: "The best glass of beer I ever drank was right over this bar, and Fritz served it." W. R. Markt is proprietor of The Real Thing, but Fritz is the latest addition to the saloon. Fritz knows nothing but beer. His father had in his early life worked in a beer garden in Cincinnati, and later came to California and opened up a saloon in Half Moon Gulch. Fritz was really brought up in a saloon, and as soon as he was large enough to see over the bar he commenced to assist his father in serving the customers. The Real Thing is known far and wide as the one place above all others where you can get a delicious glass of beer, and since Fritz has been made one of the valuable additions to the place, it is beyond question the only place on earth. Aside from beer Fritz is a "Rummy," but he knows every brand of beer that has ever been made, and he can give you the comparative merits of each. The boys josh Fritz, and every day some joke is worked off on him, but he takes it good naturedly, seemingly ignorant of the fact that the jokes are on him. Here is an illustration of Fritz's beautiful ignorance on every subject except beer: A book agent struck "The Real Thing" the other day, and in his systematic canvas of the place got mixed up with Fritz. "Is this the proprietor?" he asked. "I am, amit." "Well I would like to sell you a set of Shakespeare." "No, I handle oddments, but Mission beer." "No, no, I mean books," said the agent. "Well, I have tried dot Buck's peer, too, but I don't like it needier." The agent gave up in despair and walked out without further explanations.

Three scows are once more conveying clay from Warren's clay pit to the Alameda pottery works.

The scow Alma, employed to deliver clay from Warren's clay pit to the Alameda works, sprung a leak from lying on the hard sandy bottom, and at the present time is having the leak repaired and her bottom scraped.

Any one going on a visit to Warren's quarry will, after arriving, immediately notice that there has been another change made. And if the visitor will take the trouble to find out why it is that everything is running so smoothly, he will be informed that W. McMullen is once more in charge, and that is assurance enough for the most fastidious individual.

Mrs. H. Markt, mother of W. R. F. A. and R. W. Markt enjoyed a very pleasant visit of thirty days with her three great big boys. Mrs. Markt left on the return trip to San Antonio, Texas, last Thursday, but vowed that she will return next spring to remain in the Golden State the rest of her more than pleasant existence, and the boys are already wishing for Mayday.

The teamsters' strike in San Francisco is assuming some very peculiar phases. W. R. Markt had a 600 gallon water tank which he wished to have hauled out to his place on the San Bruno Road, and after repeated efforts secured a party to haul it out to his place, but not until he put up a bond for the security of the wagon, horse and driver, in order to insure the safe return of all the property.

San Francisco's dumping grounds, in San Mateo county, are assuming a stench which is to be envied only by

the glue works. That this dumping of refuse matter is allowed by the Supervisors, Health Officer, and the general public is a matter of conjecture.

COAST ITEMS.

(From Advocate-Pennant.)

Amy McSweeney, a meat inspector at Baden, accompanied by his wife and child, arrived here Saturday on a visit to the McGovern's.

A new oil company is reported to have secured a lease on a portion of John H. Pitcher's place on the lower Tunitas, and will commence operations soon. It is said there are some very good indications therabouts.

The Fountain Oil Co.'s well has now reached a depth of 480 feet. Considerable difficulty has been encountered in the last few feet, owing to the bad nature of the ground, but this is being overcome by the efficient superintendent, Mr. Tabor.

The Bella Vista well has reached a depth of 800 feet, but an accident to the casing at 300 feet has delayed the work of sinking temporarily.

A new oil company is being organized to exploit the splendid prospects on the Madonna plate. It is the intention of the promoters to secure all the necessary capital among local people, if possible. Joseph Debenedetti is at the head of the concern and among the other parties already interested are Charles Borden, Frank Madonna, Wm. Wightman and W. J. Savage. A lease has been secured on the property, and if the required money can be raised a rig will be put on the ground and a dive made down into the earth for the precious fluid. Several experienced oil men have examined the surface indications, formations and seepage of this locality and claim that all conditions are favorable for a splendid quality of oil at a reasonable depth.

WORK PROGRESSING.

The Standard Electric Company has a large force of men employed in erecting poles and stringing wire between Baden and Redwood City. The rights-of-way for the purpose have been secured as far as this point, and it is expected that work will be pushed until the line reaches San Francisco. The tower on the creek bank at Redwood City is completed and the cables are suspended across the slough, where a sub-station especially for the use of the Consolidated Light and Power Company is about finished. Just as soon as the transformers arrive from the Eastern factory the current will be supplied to San Mateo county from the Standard Electric Company's lines.—Times, San Mateo.

A FLOATING WRECK.

There is a direlict floating off the shore of Halfmoon Bay. It has been seen by a number of the people who live along the ocean shore between here and Lobitos, and in some cases has been critically examined with glasses. It was first discovered by Ed. Frey, of Lobitos, who pointed it out to the passer-by.

From descriptions given by hundreds who have viewed the wreck, it is the upturned hull of a large vessel. The government bureau of navigation should look into this affair, as the direlict is in the path of the steamers plying up and down the coast.—Advocate-Pennant.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities for every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Alwashti Tribe No. 89, Improved Order Red Men are to cross bats with Tippecanoe Tribe at 16th and Folsom Sts., Aug. 18th, for championship of the order.

Thos. Mason, Captain and Manager.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

Parents wishing to send their children to school during this school year, will kindly do so now, that the pupils may proceed in the proper manner.

By order of

The School Board.

CHURCH NOTICE.

There will be services at Grace Mission every Sunday a. m. and not in the evening for the summer months.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post office.

READ THIS NOTICE.

\$25 Reward.—The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo offer a reward of \$25 for evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of persons violating the fish and game laws of said county. The following is the open season for taking or killing game or fish in said county each year: Trout, from April 1st to Nov. 1st; deer, from Aug. 1st to Sept. 15th; doves, from Aug. 1st to Feb. 1st; ducks, from Oct. 1st to Feb. 1st; quail, from Nov. 1st to Dec. 1st; rail, from Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th. Shooting rail from boats at high tide prohibited. Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. By order of the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county. Dated July 15th, 1901.

RWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Being offered freely and prices are lower.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at ease prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$1 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Steers, 8c; 2d quality, 7½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½c; thin Cows, 5½c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 6½c@6½c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5½c@6½c;

Stout, Half-fed Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3½c@4c; hams, 3½c@3½c;

Sluckling Lambs, 2½c@3c; live wt,

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5½c@6c; over 250 lbs, 4½c@5c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6½c; sec-

ond quality, 6½c@6c; first quality cows

and heifers, 6c; second quality, 5½c;

third quality, 4½c@5c.

VEAL—Large, 7½c@8c; small, good, 9c@9c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7½c@8c; Ewes, 6½c@7c; Suckling Lambs, 8c@9c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9c@9½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 10c@10½c; picnic hams, 10½c@11c; Atlanta ham, 10½c; New York, 10½c@11c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16c; light 16c; do, light, 11½c; do, Bellies, 11½c; Extra, bls., \$2.50; hf-blis., \$1.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-blis., \$4.75; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are \$1 lb:

Tes. ½-50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.

Compound 7½ 7¾ 7¾ 7¾ 8½ 8½

Cal. pure 10½ 10½ 10½ 10½ 11½ 11½

In 3½ times price on each is ½ higher

than on 5½ times.

CANDIED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef,

THE WORLD'S COAL

Facts and Calculations Touching Increased Price.

ASTOUNDING FIGURES

Annual Output When Considered in Bulk Gives Rise to Fears.

But 1,000 Years of Reserve Left Surely Allays All Anxiety—The Imagination Staggers Under the Array of Facts Illustrated by Diagrams and Fortified by Calculations—A Train 71,000 Miles Long to Transport Our Annual Product.

HE coal barons announce that the price of coal will advance by a fixed gradation according to a schedule agreed upon by the producers. We are also told that the coal supply will be exhausted in a few years. The first announcement, says Pennsylvania Grit, of Williamsport, is a stubborn fact which will not yield to argument; the other statement will appear less alarming if we examine it in the light of such information as we are able to get.

According to statistical reports the output of coal in the United States last year was in round numbers 250,000,000 tons. As a ton of coal in strata represents about one cubic yard, last year's output was 250,000,000 cubic yards. This amount of coal would make a stack a mile square and approximately 400 feet high. It is an enormous quantity, and we may be excused for some alarm when we are told that the reserve supply will soon be exhausted. But it may be well to look into the matter a little before getting into a panic of fear. However, before relieving our distress of mind, let us enjoy a brief season of additional shivers.

Thirty Years' Product.

Somebody has estimated that during the past thirty years we have mined 5,000,000,000 tons of coal. Do we realize what that means. This quantity of coal, estimating ton at a cubic yard, and dealing in round numbers, would make one cubic mile; that is, a block one mile high, one mile broad, and one mile thick. But this calculation is made on the basis of coal closely compacted in the strata. When coal is brought to the surface it gains about one-third in bulk. Let us suppose, therefore, that each ton of coal after being extracted from the mine occupies a space of about forty cubic feet. This is not uncommon allowance for storage. It follows, therefore, that one cubic mile of coal in the mine becomes on the surface 11.3 cubic miles. A person with a taste for mathematical calculations can figure out that 1.3 cubic miles of material would build a wall 100 feet high, 140 feet broad at the base, 100 feet wide at the top, and 2,000 miles long. In other words, the coal that has been mined in the United States within thirty years would build a Chinese wall of the dimensions given, across the United States from the lowest point in Texas to the northern boundary of North Dakota, and extending 200 miles into British territory.

Or, 1.3 cubic miles of material would construct an enormous breakwater running out to sea twenty-two miles, one mile wide and 320 feet high.

In order to get a clearer conception of

annual output is 220,000,000 tons, a week's output would build a pyramid by the side of which the Great Pyramid of Cheops would be dwarfed to comparative insignificance; and every ten minutes there is raised 15,000 tons of coal. Suppose we take a gigantic pair of scales, and in one pan put one of our large new battleships weighing 14,000 tons, and in the other pan the coal mined in a single period of ten minutes. The battleship would be elevated to a position neither natural nor dignified, yet in accordance with the inexorable law of gravitation.

But of the great mass of coal we produced in 1900 only 7,000,000 tons were exported. Nevertheless, comparatively insignificant as this amount seems in

advance in price at the rate at which it is going this year, the capacity of the public to purchase will have ceased long before the available supply shall have been exhausted.

It may not be amiss to attempt to represent the reserve supply of coal in this country by means of a diagram, using only round numbers and approximate dimensions.

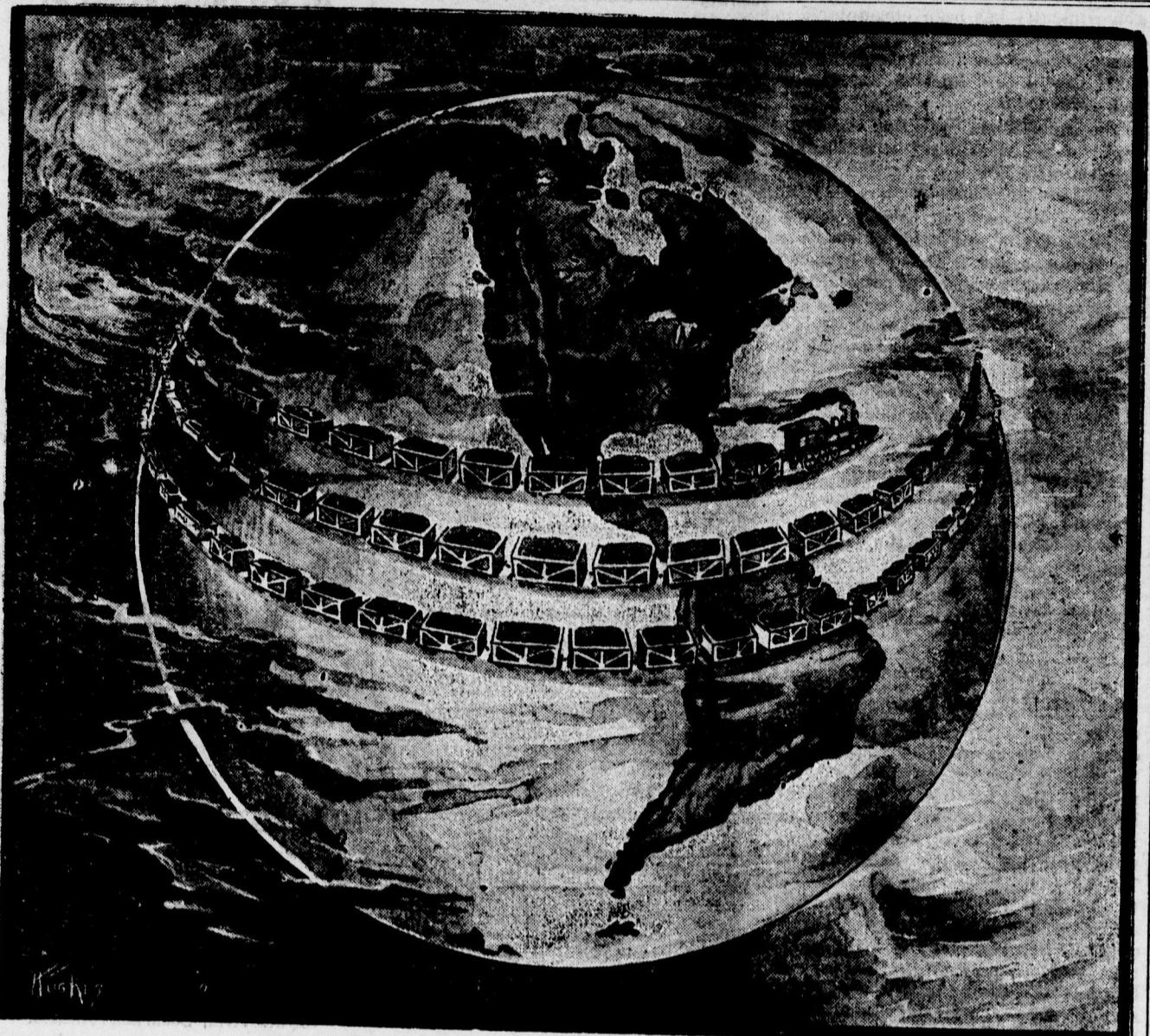
If the coal mined within thirty years is equivalent to a block of the dimensions of a cubic mile, the reserve may be indicated by a block 100 times as large in cubical contents. That is to say, the coal still in the bowels of the earth would make a cube of 100 miles dimensions. As a matter of fact, if the coal supply is 500,000,000,000 tons,

Virginia, Washington, and Wyoming. Several of these States produce upward of 4,000,000 and some as high as 6,000,000 tons annually.

For the year 1890 the total bituminous output was 191,581,350 tons, valued at \$172,406,079; anthracite, 60,577,388 tons, valued at \$103,048,780. Kentucky produced 36,639 tons of cannel coal valued at \$91,597. Grand total, 252,115,387 tons; valued, \$276,147,056.

The Land of the Lazy Man.

"In a late sojourn in Honduras," said L. B. Givens, "I came to the conclusion that it was a paradise for lazy men. Everything grows luxuriantly, with but little labor on the part of the natives, and many crops do not need



HAULING ONE YEAR'S OUTPUT OF AMERICAN COAL.

comparison with the total output, it would require about 384,000 cars of twenty tons capacity each to haul it to the seaboard for shipment, and it would supply cargoes of 3,500 tons each to 2,000 vessels. England exports annually 42,000,000 tons of coal, and, to transport it, 12,000 vessels, each of carrying capacity of 3,500 tons, are required.

71,000 Trainloads.

Let us imagine a condition in which our entire annual output would be exported. In that case we should have 71,000 trains each a mile long carrying coal from the mines to tidewater, and the seas would be crowded with more than 70,000 loaded ships. If we carry the calculations still further and deal with the output for thirty years, the merchant marine devoted to the coal carrying trade would be swelled to the stupendous number of 1,420,000 ships.

These calculations give us something of an idea of the extent of the coal mining industry, and dispose our minds to accept without question the alarmist reports sent out from time to time coincidently with the announcement of an advance in the market price. However, there is another side to the question. It is estimated that the area of coal lands in the world is 472,000 acres, distributed as follows: China and Japan, 200,000; United States, 194,000; India, 35,000; Russia, 27,000; Great

Britain, 9,000; Germany, 3,800; other countries, 3,200. It is also estimated that the coal supply of China, Japan, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, and India is 303,000,000 tons, an amount sufficient to supply the world for 450 years at the present rate of consumption. The coal still unmined in the United States is estimated at 500,000,000 tons in round numbers, an amount regarded as sufficient to extend the period of the world's consumption to 1,000 years, at the present rate.

Now, we have here something to al-

lay our anxiety on the score of speedy exhaustion of the coal supply. Few of us will live 1,000 years, and we can safely rely upon the inventive genius or discoveries of future ages to supply a substitute for coal long before the stock runs short. If coal continues to

replanting more than once in eight ten years. The country offers fine inducements to enterprising men, but it is hard for a white man used to civilized ways to go down there and dwell among an ignorant lot of natives who are 100 years behind the times. A man would have no congenial society, and might as well be an exile.

"The natives usually live in bamboo houses, though in the towns the dwellings are of adobe. Children go naked for the first two or three years of their life, and the attire of the adults is rather scant. The government is liberal with concessions in order to encourage the development of the country's resources, but there is no general rule governing the granting of privileges; it all depends on how good a bargain may be driven. The climate is very salubrious and laziness is about the only prevailing disease.

American Sewing Machine.

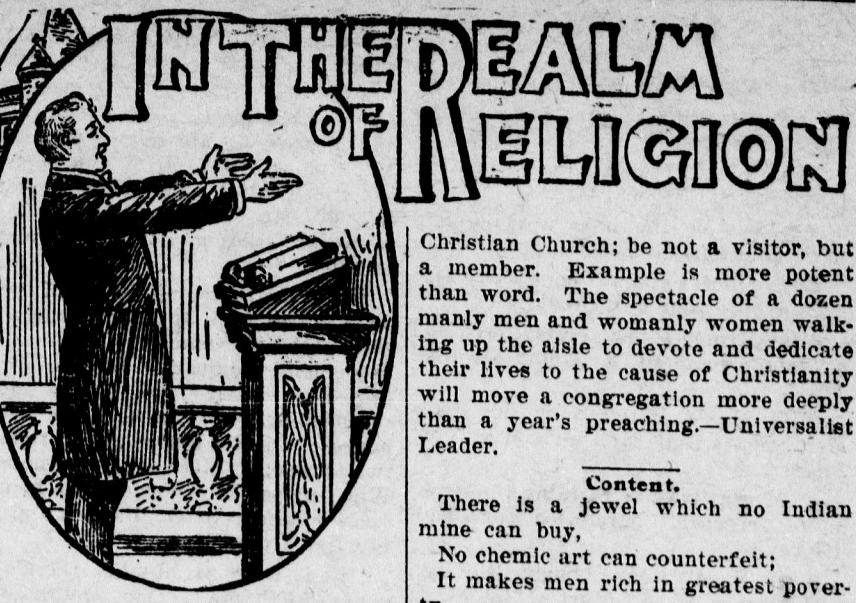
There are made on the average in the United States, it is computed, 500,000 sewing machines a year, and the extent of the sewing machine business is shown by figures which, if not sustained by official corroboration, might be thought to be extravagant. There are sixty-five sewing machine factories in the United States, with a gross capital of \$20,000,000, giving employment to 10,000 persons and having annual receipts of more than \$15,000,000.

The American sewing machine industry is sufficiently large to supply not only the home market, but the foreign market as well, and nine-tenths of all the machines made in the world are produced in the United States, and practically all of them are protected by American patents, and are the results of Yankee ingenuity, perseverance, and discovery. In the figures of the sewing machine business of this country the important item of repairs to machines are not included. It is a separate branch of the business, maintained apart from the manufacture of machines, and gives employment to a considerable number of persons. American sewing machines to the value of about \$4,000,000 a year are shipped to other countries, and there is practically no country where the benefits of civilization are known in which the American sewing machines are not in use.—New York Sun.

Cheap Tea.

Tea drinkers will be surprised to learn that in Mincing lane the Ceylon leaves from which their favorite beverage is brewed has been sold at the fabulously low sum of five cents per pound. This is probably a record price for tea, and it has caused a great deal of indignation among the planters in the island of the "spicy breezes," who declare that the stuff thus sold can be little better than rubbish, and is calculated to bring the products of Ceylon, and India generally, into disrepute. It would be interesting to know how much per pound the public were asked to pay for the article, or how much a cup they gave for the water in which it had been steeped for a certain time.—London Daily Telegraph.

Why do people give advice? Fools won't take it, and wise men don't need it.



Christian Church; be not a visitor, but a member. Example is more potent than word. The spectacle of a dozen manly men and womanly women walking up the aisle to devote and dedicate their lives to the cause of Christianity will move a congregation more deeply than a year's preaching.—Universalist Leader.

Content.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy, No chemic art can counterfeit; It makes men rich in greatest poverty.

Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold, The homely whistle to sweet music's strain; Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent, That much in little—all in nought—content.

Not Enough Trust.

They are great dross who greatly trust. If our faith were greater, our deeds would be larger. The reason so few of us do not attempt great things for God is simply because we do not trust Him enough.—The Episcopal Recorder.

An Exception.

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade.—Emerson.

Thoughts of Truth.

Falshoods always endeavor to copy the men and attitude of truth.—Johnson.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

Truth without peace is turbulent, and peace without truth is secure injustice.—Bishop Hall.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; her constant companion is humility.

Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. To love God and to love truth are one and the same.—Silvio Pellico.

If the question "What is truth?" be asked only in the second place, it is likely to receive a very different answer from what it would if it had been asked in the first place.—Whately.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—Plato.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as on the contrary there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.—Casaubon.

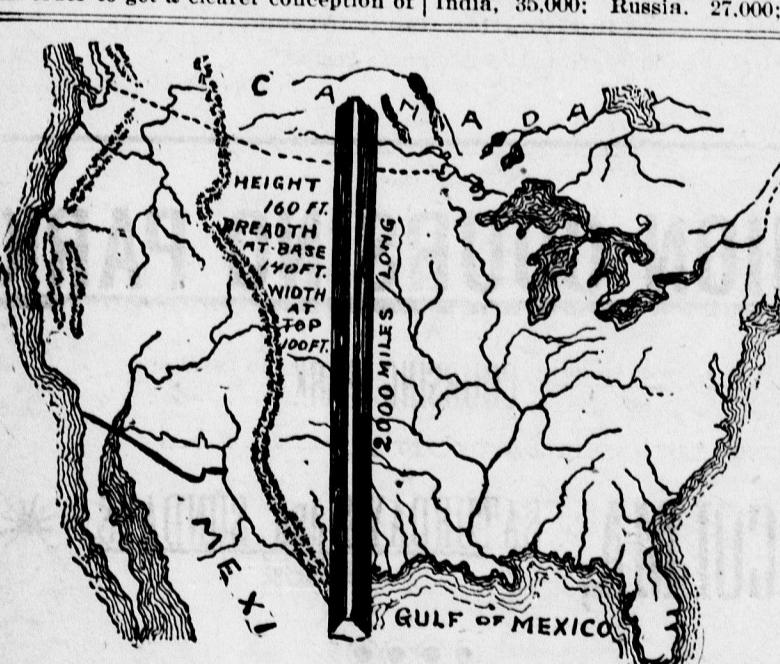
Our Wild Cherries.

In the early history of America, two species of cherry were found wild. The common one grows to a large tree, and was named by the botanists, *Cerasus serotina*. This is what is usually understood when referring to the wild cherry. Wild cherry bark and wild cherry tincture of the drug stores are obtained from this species. There is another species which seldom makes a tree of any size, and is more commonly known as a large shrub. This is the *Cerasus Virginiana*. It is better known, in distinction to the other, as the choke cherry. It is more closely related to the bird cherry.

The bird cherry is known as the *Cerasus padus*. Since the introduction of the common cherry of the old world, birds have carried seeds from the gardens to the woods, and this cherry has now become almost as common in some of the woods around certain cities as though it were indigenous here. This is even called the wild cherry, when speaking comparatively with the garden one. But the names tend to confusion with the American wild cherry. Nurserymen, in order to prevent confusion, have almost universally adopted the name of Mazzard for the wild forms of the garden cherry.—Meehan's Monthly.

Advantages of a Nut Diet.
Dr. Allisy says: The food of primitive man consisted exclusively of fruit and nuts, but with advancing civilization they were more and more neglected as an article of food until at last they have come to be looked upon as only a side dish, to be used to a limited extent, and then only as an accessory to the table, a sort of luxury instead of a food. Nuts are not only exceedingly nutritious, but easy of digestion if the skins or inner linings are discarded. They possess little if any starch and therefore are a valuable substitute for other food in cases of obesity. They compel an amount of mastication which is given to nothing else. No one swallows, in the way they will other food, without thoroughly chewing it. Again, they perform a function of peptonization in the stomach, assist in preventing the formation of an excess of bile and act as gentle laxative. Persons suffering from dyspepsia will find a great relief by making nuts a part of their daily diet.—Popular Science News.

The female who is fat, fair and forty may be attractive, but she isn't in it for a minute with the one who is slender, saucy and sixteen.



A WALL OF COAL, 2,000 MILES LONG.

what an enormous bulk is represented by the output of coal for one year, let us undertake to move it. For convenience we will assume that a coal car is thirty feet long and carries twenty tons. On this basis it would require 12,500,000 cars to hold 250,000,000 tons of coal, and if the cars were put into a train, making no allowance for coupling spaces, the train would be over 71,000 miles long. Such a train would practically extend three times around the globe. Multiply this yearly output by 20 and we have the jumped estimate for the output for thirty years. In this case the train would consist of 150,000,000 cars and would be 1,420,000 miles long, or long enough to reach round the world fifty-nine times.

Here is another aspect of the question. Assuming that our average an-

gulf, 9,000; Germany, 3,800; other countries, 3,200. It is also estimated that the coal supply of China, Japan, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, and India is 303,000,000 tons, an amount sufficient to supply the world for 450 years at the present rate of consumption. The coal still unmined in the United States is estimated at 500,000,000 tons in round numbers, an amount regarded as sufficient to extend the period of the world's consumption to 1,000 years, at the present rate.

Now, we have here something to al-

What is Ovaritis?

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex



Mrs. ANNA ASTON.

holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory is at Lynn, Mass. Write a letter there telling all your symptoms and get the benefit of the greatest experience in treating female ills.

"I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—MRS. ANNA ASTON, Troy, Mo.

The Only Difference.

Mrs. Sympner—Now that you have got your divorce and are happy with Mr. Ranger, life is real once more, isn't it?

Mrs. Ranger—Oh, yes; only it's very much like it used to be, except that the piano is a different make.—Brooklyn Life.

It is said that mate, the South American tea, will sustain life many days without the pangs of hunger.

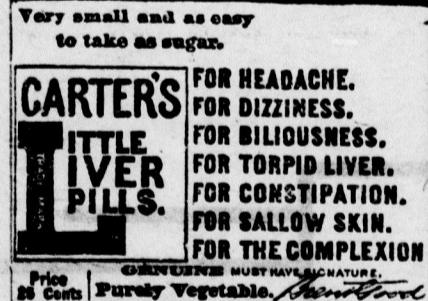
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If so, write to Dr. R. W. Rogers, 637 Kearny St., S. F., enclosing a description of your symptoms and heretofore unused and untried medicines for the small sum of \$1.00 per month. The Doctor has had 30 years experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases, and can guarantee perfect satisfaction to every patient he may treat.

SUMMER is BEST TIME to CURR Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption. Our remedy is GUARANTEED: \$1.00, P. O. Box 972 W. H. SMITH & CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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S. F. N. U. NO. 32, 1901



Love looks through a window; envy through a keyhole.

MELODIES OF FOSTER.

MOST POPULAR SONGS AMERICA HAS PRODUCED.

Author Died Nearly Fifty Years Ago, but His Work Is Yet Fondly Held in Remembrance — Popularity of "Old Folks at Home."

John Habberton of "Helen's Babies" reputation, points out in the Literary Era that the songs most sung in our land, and almost the only American songs sung in other civilized lands, are those of Stephen C. Foster, who died nearly fifty years ago. Foster left over 150 songs, of which the words, as well as the melodies, were his. Not all are remembered, but the number of familiar ones is remarkable. His "Old Folks at Home" is the most popular song in existence. Mr. Habberton tells us it has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and also into some of Asia and the Isles of the sea. "The lines are poetic only in the sense of suggestion; they are so simple and artless that it would seem any school child could pen them and improve on them, but they express the sentiment of every homesick man or woman who ever lived."

Almost as popular, says Mr. Habberton, for the reason that it appeals to a some-time incident in almost every life, is "Hard Times," which has been sung with feeling in New York brokers' offices within a few weeks.

"Oh, Susanna" took the world by storm, and to its music scores of other words have been set.

"It is the misfortune of song writers," continues Mr. Habberton, "that some of the strongest and most honorable human sentiments appear so unromantic to the observer that the composer avoids them through absolute fear. One of these sentiments is that of conjugal affection, upon which depends much of coming humanity that is to be above the level of the animal. Yet how many songs in praise of the married life can the happiest husband recall? After searching his memory frantically, he generally responds with Foster's 'Maggie by My Side.' The song is more ambitious than its author's other works, but it leaves the impression that life and fate may do their worst while 'Maggie' by my side."

"Many of Foster's songs have survived the 'peculiar' institution that inspired them. Among them is 'Old Black Joe.' Of this it may be said in passing that when Wilhelmj, the virtuoso violinist, first reached the United States he went at once, with a great enthusiasm and a small English vocabulary, to a music store and demanded the score of something which he called 'Black Jack.' The man at the counter knew no musical piece with that name, and not even Wilhelmj's card stimulated his memory.

"Ach himmel!" exclaimed the virtuoso. "Gif me a violin."

"The instrument was brought. Wilhelmj looked at it suspiciously and sniffed sarcastically at each chord that responded to the tuning keys, but when the instrument had been brought to its best the violinist forgot it and himself as he drew the bow and brought forth some recollections of the music of which he was in search. They were not entirely according to score, but when he stopped and asked: 'Know you not that divine air?' the answer came chorally from twenty throats: 'Old Black Joe.'

"Ach, so! That will I play to the Americans. When they know it, not, they are beasts."

"Wilhelmj's 'first night' went slowly, though he played more or less of the masters with faultless technique. Not to capture a first-night audience is equivalent to a defeat. Wilhelmj was mortified and angry, but he would give the American barbarians one more chance. He played 'Old Black Joe,' and his fortune was made. Yet 'twas not because of the virtuoso's playing; hundreds in the audience knew the words of the song—a vague wonder as to why one should fear to die, when many whom he loved had gone before him and seemed to be calling him away. The words were simple in the extreme, but they expressed entirely the sentiment of longing for the companionship of the loved and lost. Can as much be said of any great poet's words that have been set to music?"

Not until one looks over a list of Foster's songs does one fully realize that almost without exception the most prized songs in his memory belong to Foster. Really, "the best-known and best-loved song writer of the world" came not from any great musical center of Europe, but from a town that in Foster's day was "way out west" in the United States. This was Pittsburgh, which had the honor of being his home and birthplace.

Etiquette of Coinage.

In the new coins the king's head will look from left to right; Queen Victoria is represented looking from right to left. According to very old custom the new sovereign must not look the same way as his predecessor.—Liverpool Courier.

Up to Date.

"I am going to roast you," said the cannibal chief sternly.

"O, I'm used to that," said the captive facetiously; "you see, I umpire baseball games at home."—Ohio State Journal.

The monocle is frequently sneered at, but some of the sneers might get along better if they were to stop at one glass.

Love looks through a window; envy through a keyhole.

One Passenger Too Many.

A good story is going the rounds of the offices of the Metropolitan Street Railway company concerning the wonderful presence of mind displayed recently by a new conductor on one of the company's trolley cars. This particular car was bowling along up Broadway recently when it was halted and boarded by a company inspector.

The official hurriedly counted the passengers in the car and found that there were nine. Then he cast his eye up to the register and found that there had been only eight fares run up. He disclosed his identity to the new conductor and called attention to the discrepancy.

Slowly and painfully the new hand counted over his passengers and then scanned his register.

"Begorra, an you're roight, sir," he said and promptly stopped the car.

"Say," he demanded, addressing the passengers in an authoritative manner, "wan o' youse fellows'll hov to git off the car."—New York Times.

Cleaning Oil Paintings.

An art journal suggests raw potatoes to clean oil paintings. Have a few potatoes at hand, each cut in halves. The fresh surface is dampened slightly with cold water and used to rub the canvas. As the potatoes show soil the surface is sliced off and the rubbing continued. This process will create a little lather, which should be wiped off as fast as it accumulates with a clean, damp sponge.

When the whole canvas is cleaned, it should be washed over lightly with clean water from which the chaff has been taken and finally the water carefully wiped off with an old clean silk handkerchief. Raw potatoes to clean paintings are frequently in hearsay evidence, but this description of the process may be of value. It is suggested by way of reasonable caution that the experiment should be tried first upon a canvas of trifling value and upon one corner of that.

Artificial Stone.

Quarrymen and stone dressers will probably be gradually crowded out of their occupation by the use of artificial stone. In the manufacture of this stone the sand is heated and the cement added to the amount of 12 per cent of the mixture. The steel molds are filled with the dry material and moved into an immense cylinder, which is closed and bolted. Boiling water is then turned in under pressure sufficient to force it all through the sand in the molds. The cement slacks, but the steel molds do not permit any expansion to occur, and the stone is formed and dried under an immense pressure. The result is a very hard stone, which can be supplied in shapes desired and much cheaper than the natural stone.

The only two great European capitals that never have been occupied by a foreign foe are London and St. Petersburg.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills cure sick headache, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia. They also purify the blood. Sold in 10c and 25c boxes by all druggists.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING.

When you take Grove's Tastless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Got Grip? Try Fryer's Abietine Cough Balsam.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Advice to Students.

To Whom It May Concern: The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical Stenographers is, in our judgment, the Gallo-Greenwich School, in Building, S. F., Cal. Ernest Green, L. A. Washburne, W. J. Nicholson, Official Reporters Supreme Court, San Fran. Send for catalogue.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY!

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Fryer's Abietine Cough Balsam guaranteed for Cough.

Don't start on any journey without putting a bottle of Gilt Edge Whiskey in your grip. Wickham, Litton & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

I've known folks to spend their money as fast as they git a half of it, so's they won't run no chance of losin' it.

They work while you sleep.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

A Fortune to Be Given Away.

A noted philanthropist has decided to give his fortune to charities and no doubt another agency that has also accomplished much good, namely, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the medicine with fifty years of cures back of it. It promotes appetite, insures digestion, cures grippe, removes rheumatism, relieves liver and keeps the bowels regular, also prevents belching, heartburn or flatulence. Don't fail to try it, but be sure you get the genuine.

It ain't no disgrace to a fellow that his pants look like they was painted at the ankles, but it don't make him look much haughty.

That Cough needs Fryer's Abietine Cough Balsam.

If you are troubled with pimples, sallow complexion, impure blood or poor digestion, use Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills. They improve the complexion and positively cure constipation. 10c, 25c, at all drug stores.

The Best Prescription for Malaria Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tastless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

HOITT'S SCHOOL,

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

I WILL Give You \$1000 If I Fail to Cure Any Cancer or Tumor I Treat

Before it poisons the glands or affects the bone. No knife, no pain, no pay until cured. An island shrub or plant makes the cures—the most wonderful discovery on earth today; 2000 Cancers cured on people you can see. A hard lump on the lip, face or anywhere is Cancer. Any lump in a woman's breast is Cancer. It seldom pains until cure, and if large, it always poisons the glands in armpit and side, then it is often too late and still no pain. Poor cured free if Cancer is small. Be sure to get my 126-page book, sent free, with symptoms, address and testimonials of thousands who have cured in California. Write them. Offices, Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Chamley, 25 Third street, near Market St., San Francisco.

MEM. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25c.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Memo. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

When Herrings Were Plenty.

In former days herrings were so abundant in Newfoundland waters that the most wanton slaughter of them was permitted without any restriction whatever. Seines were allowed to retain 1,000 or 2,000 barrels of the fish until they perished, and then the net was freed, and the whole contents fell to the bottom to pollute the ocean for miles around. When a poaching smack was captured, the herrings it had on board were all thrown into the sea, and frequently boats when chased resorted to the same means to get rid of incriminating evidence. The fish then fetched only 50 cents a barrel of 500 herrings, or ten for a cent.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation, 25 cents.

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh.

It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy,—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down and debilitated conditions.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation, 25 cents.

LADIES Wanted by an Old, Reliable Firm to do Fancy Work for us at home. Steady work and good pay, steady or leisure hours. For information send stamp to Parisian Needle-work Co., 85 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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